

The Royal Wanderer:

O R,
 Gods Providence evidently manifested, in the most mysterious Deliverance of the
 Divine Majesty of CHARLS the Second, King of Great Britain.
 Though bold Rebellion for a time look brave,
 Man shall not slay what God resolves to save.
 To the tune of, The wandering Prince of Troy, or, Troy town.



When ravishing Rebellion reignes,
 When Loyalty is lead in chains,
 The Royall Princes of the blood,
 By Traitors are not understood,
 but they could not his fate pull down,
 that was preserv'd for Englands Crown.

Witness the heat at Worcester fight,
 Which put our Royall King to flight,
 When twice a stately horse was there,
 Shot under him by chance of warre.
 but all that chance could not throw down
 a Prince preserv'd for Englands Crown.

Yet was he forc'd to quit the field,
 Princes sometimes to slaves must yield:
 With some faithfull Lords did fly,
 To places for obscurity.

And at a Farm-house there did he
 disrobe himself of Royaltie.

A chain of Gold, whose good account
 Did to three hundred pounds amount,
 He gave a trusty servant, and
 Discharg'd them all from his command.
 then the Lord Wilmot with their knives
 cut both their hair, to save their lives.

Thus with one friend faithfull and good,
 He wanders through an obscure wood:
 Untill a hollow Dake unknown

Was made the King of Englands Throne,
 and all the succour that was brought,
 was by this Loyall servant sought.

But Wilmot in his wanderings,
 A Sculdier met of the old Kings,
 That knew him, and with true god will,
 Secur'd him in a Wall-house Hill,
 where he lay sweating, almost fier'd
 till Souldiers came, search'd, and retir'd.

It was nere the house of Distresse Lane,
 Whose name let no wilde tongue prophane,
 The Lord, with dangers much distress,
 Told how the poore King was oppress,
 to Distresse Lane, whose sighs and tears,
 did shew her sorrows, griefs, and fears.

She humbly doth implore that he,
 Would seek his sacred Majesty:
 And bring him thither, that she might
 Take speedy order for his flight.
 brave Wilmot he with eyes nere shut,
 till with much search he found him out.

Then from the hollow tree he brings
 His heart of Dake, and best of Kings,
 To Distresse Lanes, where after that,
 Did kneel unto his Sovereignty:
 they call a councill how he shoud,
 in safety passe the Ocean flood.

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The second part to the same Tune:



Bristol was thought the privat' st place,
Where shipping might attend his Grace,
And as her servant William he,
Dust cloak it in her Liverie,
likewise before her he must ride,
only her father in Law beside.

He was as weary of the Cloak,
As he was latey of the Oake:
But Master Lattell as most fit,
Uncloak'd the King and carryed it,
no danger in the way they saw,
untill they met her Brother in Law.

The Brother spy'd and quickly spoke,
Sir, why bear you your servants cloak?
But she made answer, 'tis so great
A hat it doth thrust me from my seat.
her Brother (answered thus by art)
they talk no more, take hands and part.

But note a change of more renown,
As they were passing through a Town,
They met a Troop of horse which might
Have put them all into a fright,
but their good fate so gentle was
they through the Captains troop did passe.

When they came to their Inn at night,
The Cook-maid gave the King delight,
She asked his birth, and whence he came:
A Paylo's son in Brumageham
reply'd the King; pray shee quoth shee
my Jack is down, wind't up for me.

The King unus'd to deal in Jacks,
Winds up untill the tackling cracks:
At which the wench (if all tales true be)

Ray'd at the King, and call'd him boby,
the King went out and laught, but they
next day to Bristol made their way.

At Bristol all their hopes were down'd,
For no convenient ship was found:
From Pistrelle Lane he parts, and goes
With trusty Wilmore 'mongst his foes,
to London and to Westminster,
ith' Hall, where the Scotch Ensignes were

He wandered up and down the Town,
By some conceal'd, to most unknown:
It was not a thousand pound could make
Them their fidelities forsake,
a ship is hir'd, the Master fraight
begins to understand his fraight.

Quoth he, what lading do you bring,
I surely know this is the King.
If I this strange adventure run,
I shall be utterly undone,
but with his heart they did prevail,
and valiantly he hoists up sayl.

Quoth he, if I on T:burn stoyng,
Tis for the safety of a King:
And if he ever crowned be,
He surely will remember me.
the winds blew fair, Averse grace
in France became their landing place.

He rides to Roan, and writes from thence
To Paris, of Gods Providence.
The Duke of Orleans did come
With friends, to bid him welcome home,
and now in London 'tis well known
he was prefer'd for Englands Throne.

F I F I S.